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THE HONOURABLE SEDUCER:

HISTORY OF OLIVIA.

(Extracted from the life of an unfortunate female.)

[Concluded.]

OLIVIA, urged by the impulſe of a ſanguine temper, natural to youth, was for ſurpriſing the old folks with the happy viciſſitude of her fortune, and elevating their ſpirits with a jerk, as ſuddenly as they had been depreſſed; "No child," remonſtrated the old lady; "your dutiful diſpoſition, and tender concern for them, muſt not miſguide you in preſcribing ſo violent a remedy to blunt the edge of ſorrow: let not your youth envy my maturer years the conſolation of knowing by experience what will be beſt received by thoſe of riper years, and what, indeed, is propereſt for any ſtage of life under the like circumſtances; I mean a gradual, at leaſt a previous intimation of the change a little time has made in your condition: for a ſudden tranſition from ſadneſs to joy has been obſerved to have more fatal effects on the ſpirits than from exceſſive joy to the oppoſite extreme; as though it were intended by nature that we ſhould bear adverſity better than proſperity." Great as was Olivia's impatience to be the meſſenger of comfort to her afflicted parents, ſhe had too great a ſhare of underſtanding not to allow the impropriety of burſting upon them with the full ſplendour of happineſs, before a letter had in part, diſpelled the cloud of melancholy with which they were overcaſt, and relinquiſhed her deſire with becoming reſignation, to the will and advice of her mother-in-law, who, unwilling to put Olivia's patience to a trial, too ſevere, retarded their journey but for a week. This was keeping Olivia a tedious fortnight from a place whither her eager wiſhes had flown before her, for the journey could not be performed in leſs than a week. In the mean while, a letter reached the manſion of her father, who immediately diſpatched the glad tidings to his wife, then at Bath, where ſhe had been adviſed to ſpend ſome time to recruit her health and ſpirits; he had the ſame time hinted a deſire that, if her health would permit, ſhe would not a moment delay her return, which he by no means would have inſinuated, were he not convinced that all the ſanitive properties aſcribed to that faſhionable rendezvous of infirmity, would be leſs conducive to the re-eſtabliſhment of her health, than folding to her boſom her long abſent, and beloved child.

This amiable young lady, with her huſband and mother, had arrived within a few ſtages of the town that gave her birth, anticipating the happy meeting, and reviewing in Fancy's glaſs, ſcenes which ſhe had every reaſon to hope would ſoon be realized, when an event happened that deranged in an inſtant all her imagination had been framing during the journey.—A loud ſhriek was heard to proceed from a ſtage-coach that ſtopped at the inn where they were changing horſes; a ſomething like ſympathy made Olivia return it; her huſband ſhared her emotion, for they were united in every ſenſe of the word, and what diſcompoſed her, was conveyed to him by that inviſible link which couples hearts in uniſon, one with the—other as no untoward accident was known to cauſe the alarm, you will ſuppoſe, I make no doubt, that either Olivia's ſenſibility made her feel for the perſon whom ſhe thought a ſufferer, or that ſome former acquaintance of her's, unable to ſuppreſs her joy on having a tranſient view of one ſhe recognized, vented it in the foregoing manner: indeed, the ſhriek was uttered by no other than Olivia's mother, whom chance led to the inn at ſo critical a juncture, and whoſe well-known voice thrilled through the boſom of her daughter, cauſing the agitation ſhe was ſuddenly thrown into. They, who a moment before ſeemed unnerved, and whoſe ſpirits were unequal to the tender ſcene nature was preparing, now flew to each other's embrace as if attracted by a magnetic power, and gave way to effuſions which hearts of a coarſer mould than were thoſe of Olivia's huſband and mother-in-law, would have been affected by it: this debt being paid to ſincere and reciprocal affection, and ſerenity reſtored, Olivia's mother and mother-in-law contracted an acquaintance with leſs ceremony and cordiality: her huſband, conſcious of having violated the laws of hoſpitality, was not forward to ſolicit a haſty forgiveneſs, which he did not think himſelf entitled to, the leſs, after he had witneſſed the tranſport of his mother-in-law, on ſeeing her daughter reſcued from infamy, and thence inferred the pangs that muſt have preceded ſuch demonſtrations of joy; yet, his conſcience ſmote him, and his heart was too honeſt to harbour the impudence of a profeſſed libertine, and brazen it out: which Olivia's mother obſerving, ſhe would ſpare him the humiliating taſk of exculpating himſelf, and taking his hand, ſaid with an affability that beſpoke no lurking reſentment in her breaſt; "My child, ſince you have performed ſo generous an act towards my Olivia, it would ill become me not to acquit myſelf of ſome part of the obligation, which I can no otherwiſe do at preſent, than by paſſing an act of oblivion in your favour." This diffuſed general chearfulneſs, after which they proceeded together in the ſame carriage, to the place of their deſtination: when arrived, the young gentleman took the earlieſt opportunity to eraſe any unfavourable impreſſion that might dwell on the mind of his father-in-law, by aſſuring him that his ſeeming dereliction of his daughter, was not the effect of juvenile caprice, but was owing to his wiſh to receive the parting breath of a valued friend at college, whoſe diſſolution approaching faſt, allowed him no time then to ſubſtantiate his profeſſions to the lady whom he was ſince happy to make his own. Here ended all apologies and juſtification; now the tongue of ſlander, that did indeed but whiſper before, became mute; and a happier couple than appeared at church the following Sunday, in the perſons of Olivia and her huſband, the ſeniors of the pariſh could not recollect.

ANECDOTE OF COUNT CAGLIASTRO.

Letters from Tuſcofee, ſurgeon, at Vienna in Auſtria, to the Editor of the "Courier de l'Europe," publiſhed in London.

"SIR,

"THE ingratitude of Sieur Tichio, who now goes by the title of Caglioſtro, added to my immediate neceſſity for money, obliges me to communicate to the public one of his adventures, which he has omitted to inſert in his memoirs. You mention him in one of your numbers, as a man of brutal character, who treats his wife very cruelly. It is really ſurpriſing that the leſſon he received at Vienna, about the latter end of the year, 1775, has not made a greater impreſſion upon him! One day in the month of November, in that year as he was walking with this unfortunate woman on the banks of the Danube, where the current ruſhed with the moſt rapid force, he took an opportunity to pick a quarrel with her upon one ſubject or another, and on her attempting to excuſe or juſtify herſelf, he fell into a ſudden rage and ſeizing her round the waiſt, threw her into the river with ſuch force that ſhe fell into the water above ten yards from the ſhore. Thoſe who were ſpectators of this barbarous action, wiſhed in vain to give her aſſiſtance. The current carried her away with ſuch rapidity that ſhe diſappeared in a minute.

"Tichio was immediately taken into cuſtody. Thirty witneſſes appeared to prove the fact, and upon whoſe teſtimony he was clearly convicted and received ſentence to be hanged. As ſurgeon of the priſon, I had an opportunity to ſee him. He appeared to me to be a ſtout, well ſet, maſculine man; and I thought him a good ſubject for diſſection. I accordingly ſent for the executioner, and ſtruck a bargain with him for the corpſe at the ſum of fifty florins: which was double the uſual price given for the bodies of ordinary malefactors. On the 28th of November, Tichio was hanged; three or four hours after the execution, the body was brought to my houſe.

"I was then delivering a courſe of lectures on anatomy; and having placed the corpſe on the amphitheatre, in the preſence of my pupils, I pronounced a ſcientific diſcourſe on the cauſes of death in hanged perſons; after which proceeding to a diſſection of the ſubject before me. I made a deep inciſion quite from the ſternum to the os pubis. Tichio roared out and inſtantly ſet himſelf upright upon the table. My pupils terrified almoſt to death made towards the door; but I ſtopped them, and having perſuaded them to return and keep the ſecret, I ſtitched up the wound, I blooded my patient, I purged him. In ſhort, in fifteen days I put him on his legs again.

"For two whole months I kept him carefully concealed in my houſe, during which time, he often mentioned his wife, ſpoke of her virtue in the ſtrongeſt terms, and appeared quite inconſolable for the loſs of her.

"One day when he was reproaching himſelf with more than ordinary bitterneſs for having been the cauſe of her death, who ſhould ruſh into

the apartment but Madam Tichio? and throwing her arms about his neck, they both remained a conſiderable time fixed in embraces of mutual tranſport. It ſeems the day after the accident happened to her, Madam Tichio was found by a fiſherman fifteen leagues from Vienna; a country ſurgeon, by clyſters of tobacco and repeated fumigations happily reſtored her to life and effected her recovery. Fortune would have it that the ſon of this very ſurgeon was one of my pupils, and had actually been preſent at Tichio's reſurrection. Madam Tichio in confidence poſſeſſed him of the ſecret of her deplorable diſaſter, and the young man in return acquainted her with every circumſtance of the hanging, diſſection and curing her huſband. She had the generoſity not only to forgive but live with him again. At their departure together from hence, I furniſhed them with what was neceſſary for their journey. Tichio on taking his leave, with all poſſible ſhew of gratitude, aſſured me that as ſoon as in his power, he would amply reimburſe me the money I advanced, the price of his board, &c. at my houſe, payment for my care and attendance, and alſo the 30 florins which I paid to the hangman for his body. But ſir, it appears clearly that Tichio has quite forgot me, ſince become Count Caglioſtro.—They tell me here, that there is an excellent law in England, by virtue of which a perſon totally unknown, without houſe, ſettlement, or even a poſſibility of being afterward traced, may without any title or given ſureties for the proſecution of his claim, upon his own ſole affidavit of debt, impriſon a citizen or denizen proviſionally; or make him find bail in double the demand. Pray be ſo good as to let me know how the laws ſtand in ſuch a caſe. If I find my information right, I ſhall ſet out for England immediately on the receipt of your anſwer.

Your's &c.

J. TUSCOFFE."

A TALE.

No woman without her value.

EVERY nation, in the leaſt acquainted with civiliſation, hath uniformly held the female ſex with reſpect; a reſpect, which, by inſpiring individuals with a greater eſteem for themſelves, hath often excited them to the practice of the ſublimeſt virtues. In a late publication of a German fabuliſt, is the following *jeu d'eſprit* of the lively author, who, in order to prove that there is no woman wholly uſeleſs in this world, and perhaps to expoſe the fordid principles of thoſe who make a traffic of wedlock, and barter every generous ſentiment for gain, thus expreſſes himſelf:

"A poor peaſant, who had ſeven children born to him in marriage, had but one daughter left, and ſhe was of a form ſo truly hideous, that it might be ſaid, as Shakeſpeare expreſſes it, *The curs barked at her as ſhe halted along*. There are other allurements to enter into the wedded ſtate, however, than thoſe of figure. A ſhew-man, in his way through the village in which ſhe lived, ſaw her, and aſked her in marriage. "Sir, ſaid the honeſt ruſtic to the ſuitor of his daughter, unwilling to take advantage of any man, have you obſerved the unſeemly form of my daughter? Are you aware that I have nothing to give with her?"—"Theſe, replied the other, are objects of no weight with me." "But ſhe is both hunch-backed and hunch-breaſted."—"Her ſkin is like ſhagreen." "I am rejoiced at it." "You cannot perceive that ſhe has a noſe."—"Good." "She is hardly three feet high." "Better ſtill." "Her legs are like drum-ſticks, and her nails like claws." "Beſt of all." "To cut the matter ſhort, believe me, ſhe is almoſt dumb, and altogether deaf." "Is it poſſible! exclaimed the lover. You tranſport me! Long have I ſearched for a wife nearly formed like your daughter; but afraid to flatter myſelf with the hopes of finding ſuch an one, I am now happy beyond my hopes.—She fully correſponds with my idea of perfection. How rare it is in theſe days to meet with ſo accompliſhed a figure!" But, my good friend, interrupted the father, "I cannot conceive what you propoſe to do with a wife who is ſo ugly and ſo deformed, who is always ſickly, and hath not a penny." "Do with her—why, I travel the country, and get my bread by exhibiting mouſters. I will put her in a box; I will carry her about with me; and, as for a fortune, let me alone for the acquiſiton of that."

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

The REFORMER.—No. II.

IN tracing the firſt head of my diſquiſition, "the riſe and progreſs of thoſe diſtinctions which now exiſt in ſociety," I may be lead, in the opinion of ſome of my readers, beyond the proper bounds of the ſubject of theſe eſſays. But to thoſe who may make this objection, I can only ſay, that the WRONGS OF WOMEN are but a ſmall branch derived from that great ſource of human woes, CUPIDITY, and that ere you can purify the ſtream, the fountain head muſt be cleared.

When we trace back the human ſpecies to the moſt ancient dates of which records have been preſerved, we find them little raiſed either in morals or politics above the animals by the hunting of which they ſubſiſted. But ſtill they were in a ſtate of progreſſion, and as each age advanced, it advanced the human character. From which, we may reaſonably conclude that ages, perhaps innumerable, had rolled away, the loſs of the remembrance of which muſt have been an inevitable conſequence of their extreme ignorance and debaſement. To theſe ages then are we to aſcribe the foundation of the great edifice of *Tyranny* under which the earth has for ſo many ages groaned—the *wrongs of women*—and thoſe horrid phantoms of *ſuperſtition*, which for ages have hovered round the temple of truth, and forbade the approach of the timed bigot.

In ancient fable, eſpecially that of Homer, we find that praiſe and power is beſtowed alone on perſonal ſtrength and courage; thus, the memory of the gigantic Ajax has been immortalized for the *noble action* of ſlaying an ox with his fiſt, and afterwards devouring it; Hector for having at one ſtroke cleft men in two, and like a mad bull kept whole hoſts of his purſuers at bay. If power and praiſe then were the rewards of ſuch actions as theſe, the wonder is not that the female ſex ſhould have fallen in rank and power, but that later ages (who called themſelves civilized) ſhould have acquieſced in a diſtinction founded on ſo degrading a criterion.

But theſe concluſions it may be ſaid are founded on fable. Be it ſo—and then let it be remembered that fable is but a repreſentation in narrative of the opinion of the age in which it is formed. Thus the ages I am now deſcribing gave birth to that well-known fable of the Amazons, in which the female character is diſplayed in a manner which though it gave them the moſt pleaſing idea of a perfect woman, the mere recital of it would wound a modern ear; and on the other hand modern *fable*, which has taken the name of *novel*, repreſents it in a way which although it is equally diſtant from common ſenſe, is ſtill founded on the opinion of a majority of the world. THEOPHRASTUS.

"LOVE is the nobleſt paſſion that can poſſeſs the heart of man, it ſoftens and refines every motion of the ſoul, it enfeebles every ſtronger power, and when its influence is no longer felt, it leaves compaſſion as a relic there."

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

Meſſrs. PRINTERS,

FROM the tenor of a late publication in your paper under the ſignature of *An Adventurer*, reſpecting the dormancy of the Waſhington Lottery, I was led to anticipate an anſwer of an explanatory nature from the agent in this buſineſs; but his ſubſequent ſilence, which ſome have conſtrued into crimination, has fruſtrated my expectations, and the unprecedented protraction of this buſineſs wears indeed an ominous complexion. The agents' extraordinary dilatorineſs juſtifies a belief that the ſtate of the lottery merits an immediate inveſtigation, and it is not a little myſterious that the public whoſe intereſt is ſo eſſentially involved in its event, ſhould ſtill acquieſce in the poſtponement of a buſineſs that promiſes ſo little hope of a ſpeedy compromiſe.

It appears evident to me notwithſtanding the ſtale farceſms of the agent or his advocates, that it is high time to inſtitute an enquiry into proceedures that have juſtly excited ſo much anxiety and ſuſpicion. As the holders of tickets have no adequate depoſit or ſubſtantial ſecurities for their money, it is their intereſt to demand an immediate and unequivocal explanation, and if ſatisfaction cannot be otherwiſe obtained, juſtice, and the unwarrantable delay of the lottery, dictates the propriety of having recourſe to a compulſory proceſs. If there is a ſtagnation in the ſale of the few tickets on hand, it muſt be imputed to the lottery's late depreciation in the public eſtimation; and on the other hand, their ſale would no doubt be immediately accelerated if the lottery had commenced drawing. This ſtaguation of ſale, &c, ſeems a ſtale pretext, and but indifferently calculated to lull the public mind, while the money ariſing from the ſale of tickets is appropriated to ſpeculative arrangements. At this rate lotteries will be juſtly deprecated, and loſe every ſhare of public confidence.

The intereſt of 400,000 dollars is not an object of inconſiderable moment, and if the agent ſtill perſiſts in this procraſtination of the buſineſs without aſſigning a ſatisfactory reaſon, the public ought to demand an immediate reſtitution of the principal, and the payment of legal intereſt for the uſe of the money. AMBROSE.

SONG.

WHEN hope endears a lover's pain,
And ſoothes his tortur'd heart,
When beauty ſmiles to hear the ſtrain,
How pleaſing is the ſmart!
But if deſpair the ſting increaſe,
And every hope remove;
If beauty beam no ray of peace,
How dreadful 'tis to love.

ARTIFICIAL DEFORMITY.

AN ingenious writer is preparing for the preſs, an eſſay on Artificial Deformity; in our own country he may find many agreeable examples, and they no where more abound than in the faſhionable circles in this metropolis. In books of travels we read of head-moulders, noſe preſſers, face-ſqueezers, ear-ſtretchers, eye-painters, lip-borers, tooth-ſtrainers, hip-makers, &c. &c. and if we want to add, the breaſt-cutters. The ancient hiſtory of the Amazons will furniſh us with a cloud of examples.

BON MOT.

A Gentleman about purchaſing a pair of ſpectacles, looking very attentively at the ſeller, and being aſked by a by-ſtander if he ſaw a knave, anſwered that ſpectacles were not made for that purpoſe—No, replied the other, *you only want a looking glaſs*.

The following extraordinary anecdote is transcribed from the Edinburgh Evening Courant, of the 23d of July last.

"Amongst the many claimants who have exhibited their demands upon a certain Great Personage, before the Commissioners appointed by the act of Parliament for inspecting into, and allowing the same, appeared a few days ago Mrs. Crouch of Drury lane Theatre. Her claim was *ten thousand pounds!* with interest, for *value received:* for which a bond was duly executed. The commissioners desired to know of *what nature* the *value* was, for which the bond was granted?—Mrs. Crouch with great spirit, would not give the wished for information, and asked if they meant to *insult her?*—on which the commissioners declared that they had no such intention, but that it was their duty to make such inquiries. The question and reply having been repeated, Mrs. Crouch took the bond, and tore it into pieces, declaring that *she despised the Prince—his bond—and* ITS VALUE—and immediately withdrew.

A SERMON,

That will suit any preacher, and adapted to *any* audience at *any* time, in *any* place.

"*Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upwards.*"
Job.

Brethren! I shall divide my discourse into, and consider it under, the three following heads:

1st. Man's ingress into the world.

2d. His progress through the world.

And, thirdly and lastly, His egress out of the world.

1st. Man's ingress into the world is naked and bare.

2d. His progress through the world is trouble and care.

And, thirdly and lastly, His egress out of the world is—nobody knows where.

To conclude—If we do well here, we shall do well there.

I can tell you no more, if I preach a whole year.

EPIGRAM.

AS Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to the street, and fled for his life:
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
And sav'd him at once from the shrew and the rabble;
Then ventur'd to give him some sober advice—
But Tom is a person of honour so nice,
Too wise to take council, too proud to take warning;
That he sent to all three a challenge next morning:
Three duels he fought, thrice ventur'd his life;
Went home, and was cudgell'd again by his wife.

ANECDOTE.

A Scotish Parson, in his prayer said, Laird bless the grand Council the Parliament, and grant they may hang together. A country fellow standing by, replied, "Yes, Yes, with all my heart, and the sooner the better; and I'm sure it is the prayer of all good Christians."—"But I dont mean as that fellow means, but pray they may all hang together in accord and concord."—"No matter what cord, replied the other, so it is but a strong cord."

A Clergyman, in the course of his sermon, asked once or twice very pathetically, *Who will go up and fight the Philistines?* The earnestness of the invitation provoked the attention of an Irishman present; who thus addressed his comrade; *Why don't you answer the gentleman? Come, d——e, Jack, here's go for one, if 'tis not a great way.*

Philadelphia, *Dec.* 26.

Messrs. Woodward and Preess,

It might form an interesting enquiry, how far the institution of public prisons is conducive to man's happiness in a republican government. It would be a consideration of real utility, whether such institutions are the guarantee of commercial integrity and whether the political advantages resulting therefrom, sufficiently compensate for the loss of liberty, indignity, and mortification that unfortunate creditors suffer. As a revision of the penal code is contemplated by Congress, I send you an extract from J. P. Brissot's "New Travels in the United States of America" and perhaps it may afford our legislators some salutary suggestions.

Yours, &c. P. R.

"But, after all, what is the use of prisons? Why those tombs for living men? The Indians have them not; and they are not the worse for it. If there exists a country where it is possible, and where it is a duty to change this system, it is America; it is therefore to the Americans that I address the following reflections;

Prisons are fatal to the health, liberty, and morals of men. To preserve health, a man has need of a pure air, frequent exercise, and wholesome food. In a prison, the air is infected, there is no space for exercise, and the food is often detestable.

A man is not in health, but when he is with beings who love him, and by whom he is beloved. In prison, he is with strangers and with criminals.—There can exist no society between them; or, if there does, he must either be obliged to struggle without ceasing against the horrid principles of these wicked men, which is a torment to him, or adopts their principles and becomes like them.—A man by living constantly with fools, becomes a fool himself; every thing in life is contagion and correspondence.

By imprisonment, you snatch a man from his wife, his children, his friends; you deprive him of their succour and consolation; you plunge him into grief and mortification; you cut him off from all those connections which render his existence of any importance. He is like a plant torn up by the roots and severed from its nourishing soil; and how will you expect it to exist?

The man who has for a long time vegetated in a prison, who has experienced frequent convulsions of rage and despair, is no longer the same being, on quitting this abode, that he was when he entered it. He returns to his family, from whom he has been long sequestered; he no more meets from them, or experiences in himself, the same attachment and the same tenderness.

In putting a man in prison, you subject him to the power of the gaoler, of the turnkey, and of the commissary of the prison. Before these men he is obliged to abase himself, to disguise his sensations, to constrain his passions, in order that his misery may not be increased. The state of humiliation and constraint is horrible to him; and besides, it renders his masters imperious, unjust, vexatious, and wicked.

To oblige a freeman to use supplication to obtain justice, is to do him a lasting injury. The tree that is once bent from its natural form never acquires it again.

The laws which ordain the *habeas corpus* are wise and natural. But they do not ordain it in all cases. A prisoner for debt, who cannot obtain surety, must remain a prisoner. A man accused of a capital offence, who will be probably acquitted on trial, cannot enjoy the benefit of this law. These are abuses.

Is it not much more simple to imitate the Indians, to grant every man the privilege of his own house for a prison, though you are obliged to put a sentinel at his door? and for those that have no house of their own, establish a public house, where they can pursue their occupations.

If such regulations are necessary for any society, it is surely for the one which has good morals, and wishes to preserve them: if they are any where practicable, it is among a people where great crimes are rare. Recollect, my friend, that but within a few years before the last war, no capital punishment had ever been inflicted in Connecticut.

I am surprised then that the penalty of death is not totally abolished in this country. Manners here are so pure, the means of living so abundant, and misery so rare, that there can be no need of such horrid pains to prevent the commission of crimes.

Doctor Rush has just given force to all these arguments in favour of the abolition of the punishment of death. He has not yet succeeded; but it is to be hoped that the State of Pennsylvania, and even all the States, disengaging themselves from their ancient superstition for the English laws, will soon dare to give to Europe a great example of justice, humanity and policy. Any objections that may be made against this reform in Europe will not apply in this country."

SALEM, Dec. 15.

Capt. Neal from Bourdeaux, amply confirms the triumph of the Convention over the factious Communes; as also of the great plenty of produce in all parts of France, provisions being cheaper than in these States, flour but eleven crowns, and dull at that.

Capt. Neal also informs that the master of the Pomona, Capt. Parsons, of Boston, whom he spoke with, had on board the Treaty of Peace lately concluded between the United States of America and the Regency of Algiers. *Happy Columbia! at peace with all the world!*

WINCHESTER, Dec. 14.

Last week six Indians, of the Chickasaw and choctaw tribes, passed through this town, on their way to the seat of government. The interpreter who set out with them, we hear, was taken ill on the road: they therefore travel without a guide, depending upon the munificence of the inhabitants of the country through which they pass for support.—In this town and Stephensburgh they were treated like Nabobs.

Hymeneal Court.

MARRIED,

—On Tuesday evening last, Doctor BENJAMIN SAY, to Miss MIRIAM MOORE, both of this city.

—On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. J. M'Claskey, Doctor WILLIAM BUDD, to Miss FRANCENIA ALLIBONE, both of this city.

"Religious paths enamell'd shine
With most delightful flowers—
Happy the pair whose hearts entwine
To tread the sacred bowers."

FRENCH LANGUAGE.

MR. BARTHELEMY, in addition to his Private Tuition, has opened a SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, where French is taught in its just pronunciation, and grammatical construction as usual. The hours of attendance are from 11 to 1 o'clock P. M. on every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. For further particulars, applicants of a good education, only, may call at No. 66, Dock-street.

Court of Apollo.

SONG.

IN the land of Hibernia young Pat drew his breath,
And ſure ever ſince he has tear'd me to death;
For ſo ſweetly he ſings and makes love with ſuch art,
By the faith of St. Patrick he's ſhot thro' my heart:
With his gramachree Molly, och, what can I do.

He vows if I'll enter the conjugal life,
He'll—Oh, to be ſure—only make me his wife!
Then ſo tender he looks when we lovingly chat,
That I long to be married—but won't tell him that.
With his gramachree, &c.

Laſt Sunday at church he muſt fain tell the prieſt,
In a week or two more we are wedded at leaſt:
And ſure ſince he ſaid it, my conſcience will ſay,
If he don't lead me there, I will ſhew him the way.
With his gramachree, &c.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

To the COUNTRYMAN.

Sir,

THOUGH my indiſpenſable engagements of a ſpeculative nature ſeldom afford me an opportunity of ſubmitting my ſentiments to public inſpection; yet ſir, when I obſerve the inconſiderate and incongruous attempts of an officious ſcribbler to diſgorge the virulence of his obloquy upon any denomination of men, I conceive it a duty peculiarly incumbent on me to counteract the impreſſions of unmerited calumny by candid remonſtrances. You ſir who have aſſumed the ſignature of "*a Countryman*," probably to palliate for your abruptneſs, have ranſacked the dictionary for ſuch a turgid accumulation of fuſtian, as induces us credulous citizens to believe that you are the very phenomenon of ſapience and ſagacity. To evince your ſuperior powers you have exhibited your terrific phalanxes of rhetoric in ſhining array, *beautifully* interſperſed with ſcripture and moving with all the eclat of allegorical majeſty. But ſir though "the diſciples of land ſpeculation," according to your ignominious repreſentation, may "ſyſtematically affect every ſpecies of perfidy and deception," yet, ſir, you certainly attribute to them a ſurpernatural agency. The following enigmatical paragraph of yours diſdains a ſolution; "you muſt drink deluſion, airy as the phantom of a dream, and that this draught may operate to advantage (when credulity is not palpable in the purchaſer) you muſt diſgorge fumes of deceit terrible as the irruptions of Mount Heckla, and mountains of artifice formidable as the Alleghany or Andes." What aſtoniſhing pomp and parade of language!

Now ſir with due deference to a gentleman of your profound penetration, I would aſk, what kind of liquor is *airy deluſion!* what ſpecific analogy does this fluid bear to the airy phantom of a dream? what ſimilitude exiſts between *water* and *ſleep?* Is a draught of deluſion a ſubtle emetic? does it always operate ſo powerfully as to produce expectoration? what ſort of a thing is the *ſmoke of deceit?* do land-jobbers diſgorge this allegorical fume, terrible as fiery irruptions? does it ever ſinge any of your countrymen's hair? did you ever ſee a man ſwallow a mountain? My dear ſir I imagine you are a diſtant relation to the great father of chivalry, and in a battle with wind-mills you would aſtoniſh the world. Your prolific fancy has a natural tendency to the miraculous, and if "the diſciples of perfidy," have ſuch a monſtrous belly as to contain mountains, they muſt have throats of equal dimenſions in order to ſpue up the Andes. I think ſir, as you are a countryman and removed ſo far beyond the regions of volcanoes, ſmoke, and the mountains of artifice, you ought not to diſgorge your criminations upon theſe diſtant phenomena of nature. You are in no danger of being ſcorched or ſmoked into dried beef; you are not in danger of being ſuffocated or roaſted with the irruptions of mount Heckla; and therefore it would be much more commendable in you to confine your ſole attention to the proceſs of making ſwill, to the care of your ſwine, to digging potatoes and other drudgery to which your genius ſeems more eminently calculated. You could, no doubt, Sir, handle a pitchfork with greater dexterity; you could command a yoke of oxen with as much dignity as a general marſhals his army, and in fine, you could evince as great pre-eminence in ſcalding a hog, as is diſplayed in Locke's animadverſions upon the human underſtanding; but, Sir, you poſſeſs a moſt deplorable bathos in the exerciſe of a pen: a heterogeneous medley of high flown words and pompous nonſenſe does not conſtitute literary eminence; ſuch puerile phraſeology as *rectitude and integrity, virtue and probity, inviolate veracity, palpable improbity, &c.* inforces no conviction of your extraordinary talents, and you may be aſſured, Sir, that you are not as formidable an enemy to the land-jobbers as you have the vanity to imagine.

Inſtances of improbity may occur among this claſs of men as well as any other mercantile denomination; merchants will paſs extravagant encomiums upon their goods, and exact the uttermoſt farthing in their ſale. You Sir, will probably ſell your butter, your gammons and ſauſages at as high a rate as poſſible, and that you may dupe the credu[illegible] you will, no doubt, be quite poetical in the commendation of theſe articles: and if "the diſciples of ſpeculation" can obtain a good price for their lands, why need you to be tortured with envy? Purchaſers are not deſtitute of underſtanding; they form their contracts with great circumſpection, and if they will *drink any deluſion*, or yield themſelves victims to the *irruptions of mount Heckla*, they ought to confine their cenſure to their own imprudence. In fine, Mr. Countryman, your repreſentation of land-jobbers is as malicious as it is exaggerated, and I hope you will ſhortly make an apology for your inconſiderate and precipitate diſcharge of calumny.

SPECULATOR.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

"Tho' all is innocence within
"'Tis guilt to wear a garb of ſin." *Gay.*

LADIES,

ACCORDING to the manner your parents uſe your ſuitors, they will draw their concluſions, whether they will meet with your approbation or diſapprobation. Parents, then, ought to be careful to guard not only their words, looks and geſtures, but every punctilio of their behaviour, in company with gentlemen who profeſs an attachment for their daughters—If a greater reſpect is ſhown by them to riches and flippery of dreſs, than to mediocrity and ſobriety, then their boaſt of liberty vaniſhes, that they "leave their daughters free to chooſe for themſelves."

That immoderate fondneſs which many parents have for riches, which they conſider as the ſummum bonum, has led them to ſacrifice their lovely daughters to ſome "known debauchee," who has nothing perhaps, but a pitiful affluence to recommend him: fortune, ſplendour, rank, high life, are alone the cry of mercenary friends; if they obtain this, their all is gained. What, muſt you love a debauchee, becauſe your parents ſay you muſt? and for no other reaſon than that he ſays he is rich? can riches compenſate for the want of every other noble and exalting quality? What is the extent of parental authority? In this enlightened age, are you to be made believe that the abſolute diſpoſal of your affections, liberties and perſons belong to them? ſurely no: you are undoubtedly at the ſame liberty, when you come to years of diſcretion to act for yourſelves, as they were in ſimilar circumſtances. A daughter kept under, by the avariciouſly exerted power of parental authority, will give ear to the fulſome adulation of a coxcomb. Happy would it be for the ſex, did the miſchief end here; but the ſoothings of flattery never fail to operate on the affections of the heart; and when paſſion enters the boſom, the empire of reaſon is thrown down—for "the woman that deliberates is gained."

No parent can take a more certain method to make a daughter's life a continued ſcene of vexation, irritation and diſappointment, than by training her up to expectations far beyond her ſphere.

Ladies, you are told "a reformation is generally wrought in the debauchee by a matrimonial union;" if this be the caſe, why are brothels haunted by married men? Why do women that poſſeſs all the charms that nature or art can beſtow, ſpend their evenings alone, perhaps nurſing the puny offspring of debauched huſbands, who are—they know not where. You are told, alſo, that "a reformed rake makes the beſt huſband." It would be very extraordinary if this was true; to ſay that a bad man will make a better huſband than one who has never been led aſtray into bad company, is, if true, a paradox, that my youth cannot ſolve. It is true, there are phenomena in the moral, as well as in the natural world; but theſe are rare, and not to be looked for. If a reformation is to be accompliſhed, it muſt take place before marriage—then Ladies, if ever, is the period of your power—But how can you be aſſured they are reformed? Are they not artfully concealing their vices to gain your affections? and when they are ſecured, may they not gradually throw off the maſk, and be deſpiſed as formerly? Prodigality of this kind, is ſeldom if ever totally eradicated; it reſembles a burning mount, or ſome cutaneous diſeaſe, which for a while appear to be healed, and yet are frequently making themſelves viſible by freſh eruptions. Marriage will be an intolerable reſtraint on a roving diſpoſition; paſſions heated by exceſſes, and unreſtrained by religious principles, will be violent and ungovernable—a vagrant, ever wandering appetite will pant for variety. Libertiniſm will erect its deſolating ſtandard on the ruins of delicacy, and in the general perverſion, chaſtity will become an unfaſhionable virtue.

Ladies, if you knew what unreſerved obſervations are made upon you in your abſence, and what degrading liberties are taken with your character, particularly by thoſe, who offer you when preſent the moſt flattering compliments, you would be cautious in keeping company with men of ſuch characters, and learn to diſtinguiſh ſuperficial politeneſs from real reſpect. The ſuppoſed predilection of your ſex for rakes, probably ariſes from their oſtentatious appearance, and aſſumed politeneſs—but there is nothing in this that is permanent—nothing that is durable—the truth of which, no doubt, many could atteſt. In ſhort, the happineſs and perfection of the ſexes are ſo reciprocally dependent on one another, that till both are reformed, there is no expectation of an excellence in either.

ADOLESCENS.